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MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

A Comedie, as it vvas sundrie times acted by her *Maiesties children at the Blacke-* Friers.

By George Chapman.

LONDON
Printed by T. C. for *William Holmes*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint *Dun-stons* Church-yard in Fleete-streete, 1606.

Thomas Bernard Barton
149.577.
May, 1873.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

ACTVS PRIMI.
Scæna Prima.

VANDOME with ſeruants and ſaylors laden,
VAVMONT, another way walking.

Vand.

COnuey your carriage to my brother in Lawes,
Th'Earle of Saint *Anne*, to whome and to my Siſter,
Commend my humble ſeruice, tell them both
Of my arriuall, and intent t'attend them:
When in my way, I haue performd fit duties,
To Count *Vaumont*, and his moſt honoured Counteſſe.
Ser. We will Syr, this way, follow honeſt Saylors.
Exeunt Seruants.
Vand. Our firſt obſeruance, after any abſence
Muſt be preſented euer to our Miſtreſſe:
As at our parting ſhe ſhould ſtill be laſt,
Hinc Amor vt circulus, from hence tis ſaid
That loue is like a circle, being th'efficient
And end of all our actions; which excited
By no worſe abiect then my matchleſſe miſtreſſe
Were worthy to employ vs to that likeneſſe;
And be the onely Ring our powers ſhould beate,
Noble ſhe is by birth, made good by vertue,
Exceeding faire, and her behauiour to it,
Is like a ſingular Muſitian
To a ſweete *In*ſtrument, or elſe as doctrine
Is to the ſoule, that puts it into Act,

And prints it full of admirable formes
Without which twere an emptie, idle flame
Her eminent iudgement to dispose these parts,
Sits on her browe and holds a siluer Scepter,
with which she keepes time to the seuerall musiques,
That in the sacred consort of her beauties
Loues compleat armorie is managde in her.
To stirre affection, and the discipline
To checke and to affright it from attempting
Any attaint might disproportion her,
Or make her graces leste then circular;
Yet her euen carriage, is as farre from coynesse
As from Immodestie, in play, in dancing,
In suffering court-ship: in requiting kindnesse.
In vse of places, houres, and companies
Free as the Sunne, and nothing more corrupted,
As circumspect as *Cynthia*, in her vowes,
And constant as the Center to obserue them,
Ruthfull, and bountious neuer fierce nor dull,
In all her courses euer at the full.
These three yeares, I haue trauaild, and so long
Haue beene in trauaile with her dearest sight,
Which now shall beautifie the enamour'd light.
This is her house, what? the gates shut and cleere
Of all attendants? Why, the house was wont
To hold the vsuall concourse of a Court,
And see, me thinks through the encourtaind windowes
(In this high time of day) I see light Tapers,
This is exceeding strange. Behold the Earle
Walking in as strange sort before the dore,
Ile know this wonder sure: My honoured Lord?

Vau. Keepe of Sir and beware whom you embrace,

Vand. Why flyes your Lordship back?

Vau. You should be sure
To knowe a man your friend ere you embrac't him.

Vand. I hope my knowledge cannot be more sure
Then of your Lordships friendship.

Vau.

Van. No mans knowledge
Can make him sure of any thing without him,
Or not within his power to keepe, or order.
Vand. I comprehend not this; and wonder much
To see my most lou'd Lord so much estrang'd.
Van. The truth is, *I* haue done your knowne deserts
More wrong, then with your right should let you greet me
And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,
And in your honour, which still makes it worse.
Vand. If this be all my Lord, the discontent
You seeme to entertaine, is meerly causelesse:
Your free confession, and the manner of it,
Doth liberally excuse what wrong soeuer,
Your mis-conceit could make you lay on me.
And therefore, good my Lord discouer it,
That we may take the spleene and corsey from it.
Van. Then heare a strange report and reason, why
I did you this repented iniurie.
You know my wife is by the rights of courtship,
Your chosen Mistresse, and she not disposde
(As other Ladies are) to entertaine
Peculiar termes, with common acts of kindnesse:
But (knowing in her, more then womens iudgement,
That she should nothing wrong her husbands right,
To vse a friend onely for vertue, chosen
With all the rights of friendship) tooke such care
After the solemne parting to your trauaile,
And spake of you with such exceeding passion,
That *I* grew iealous, and with rage excepted
Against her kindnesse, vtterly forgetting
I should haue waied so rare a womans words,
As duties of a free and friendly iustice:
Not as the head-strong and incontinent vapors
Of other Ladies bloods, enflamed with lust,
Wherein I iniured both your innocencies,
Which *I* approue, not out of flexible dotage,

By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
But in impartiall equitie, made apparant
Both by mine owne well-waid compariſon
Of all her other manifeſt perfections,
With this one onely doubtfull leuitie,
And likewiſe by her violent apprehenſion
Of her deepe wrong and yours, for ſhe hath vowde,
Neuer to let the common Pandreſſe light,
(Or any doome as vulgar) cenſure her
In any action ſhe leaues ſubiect to them,
Neuer to fit the day with her attire,
Nor grace it with her preſence; Nouriſh in it,
(Vnleſſe with ſleepe) nor ſtir out of her chamber:
And ſo hath muffled and mewd vp her beauties
In neuer-ceaſing darkeneſſe, Neuer ſleeping,
But in the day tranſform'd by her to night:
With all Sunne baniſht from her ſmootherd graces:
And thus my deare and moſt vnmatched wife,
That was a comfort and a grace to me,
In euery iudgement, euery companie,
I, by falſe Iealouſie, haue no leſſe then loſt,
Murtherd her liuing, and emtoomd her quicke.

Vand. Conceit it not ſo deepely, good my Lord,
Your wrong to me or her, was no fit ground
To beare ſo waightie and reſolu'd a vowe,
From her incenſed and abuſed vertues.

Vau. There could not be a more important cauſe,
To fill her with a ceaſleſſe hate of light,
To ſee it grace groſe lightneſſe with full beames,
And frowne on continence with her oblique glances.
As nothing equalls, right to vertue done,
So is her wrong paſt all compariſon.

Vand. Vertue is not malitious, wrong done her
Is righted euer when men grant they Erre,
But doth my princely miſtreſſe ſo contemne
The glorie of her beauties, and the applauſe

Giuen

Giuen to the worth of her ſocietie,
To let a voluntarie vowe obſcure them;
Vau. See all her windowes, and her doores made faſt,
And in her Chamber lights for night enflam'd,
Now others riſe, ſhe takes her to her bed.
Vand. This newes is ſtrange, heauen grant I be encoun-
With better tydings of my other friendes, (terd
Let me be bold my Lord t'enquire the ſtate
Of my deare ſiſter, in whoſe ſelfe and me,
Surviues the whole hope of our familie,
Together with her deare and princely husband
Th'Earle of Saint *Anne*.
Vau. Vnhappie that I am,
I would to heauen your moſt welcome ſteppes
Had brought you firſt vpon ſome other friend,
To be the ſad Relator of the changes
Chanc't your three yeares moſt lamented abſence,
Your worthy ſiſter, worthier farre of heauen
Then this vnworthy hell of paſsionate Earth,
Is taken vp amongſt her fellow Starres.
Vand. Vnhappie man that euer I returnd
And periſht not ere theſe newes pierſt mine eares.
Vau. Nay be not you that teach men comfort, grieued;
I know your iudgement will ſet willing ſhoulders
To the knowne burthens of neceſſitie:
And teach your wilfull brother patience,
Who ſtriues with death, and from his caues of reſt
Retaines his wiues dead Corſe amongſt the liuing,
For with the rich ſweetes of reſtoring Balmes,
He keepes her lookes as freſh as if ſhe liu'd,
And in his chamber (as in life attirde)
She in a Chaire ſits leaning on her arme,
As if ſhe onely ſlept: and at her feete
He like a mortified hermit clad,
Sits weeping out his life, as hauing loſt
All his lifes comfort: And that ſhe being dead

Who

(Who was his greateſt part)he muſt conſume,
As in an Apoplexy ſtrooke with death.
Nor can the Duke nor Dutcheſſe comfort him,
Nor meſſengers with conſolatory letters,
From the kinde King of France,who is allyed
To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts
Vp to another world,where ſhe expects him,
He feedes his eares with ſoule-exciting muſicke,
Solemne and Tragicall, and ſo Reſolues
In thoſe ſadde accents to exhale his ſoule.

Van. O what a ſecond Ruthles Sea of woes
Wracks mee within my Hauen,and on the Shore?
What ſhall I doe? mourne,mourne,with them that mourne,
And make my greater woes their leſſe expell,
This day Ile conſecrate to ſighes and teares,
And this next Euen , which is my miſtreſſe morning
Ile greete her, wondring at her wilfull humours,
And with rebukes, breaking out of my Loue,
And duetie to her honour, make her ſee
How much her too much curious vertue wrongs her.

Van. Sayd like the man the world hath euer held you,
Welcome, as new liues to vs, our good. Now
Shall wholly be aſcrib'de and truſt to you.

Exeunt.

Enter Rhoderique *and* Mugeron.

Mug. See,ſee,the vertuous Counteſſe hath bidden our (day
Good night,her ſtarres are now viſible:when was any Ladie ſeene to be ſo conſtant in her vowe , and able to forbeare the ſociety of men ſo ſincerely?

Rho. Neuer in this world , at leaſt exceeding ſeldome. What ſhame it is for men to ſee women ſo farre ſurpaſſe them:for when was any man knowne(out of iudgement)to performe ſo ſtaied an abſtinēce,from the ſociety of women.

Mug. Neuer in this world.

Rho.

Rhoderique. What an excellent Creature an honest woman is? I warrant you the Countesse, and her Virgine sister, spend all their times in Contemplation, watching to see the sacred Spectacles of the night, when other Ladies lye drownd in sleepe or sensualitie, Ist not so think'st?

Mug. No question.

Rhoderic. Come, come, lets forget we are Courtiers, and talke like honest men, tell truth, and shame all trauaylers and tradesmen: Thou beleeu'st alls naturall beautie that shewes faire, though the Painter enforce it, and sufferst in soule I know for the honorable Ladie.

Mug. Can any heart of Adamant not yeeld in compassion to see spotlesse Innocencie suffer such bitter pennance?

Rhoder. A very fitte stocke to graffe on: Tush man thinke what she is, thinke where she liues, thinke on the villanous cunning of these times, Indeed did we liue now in old *Saturnes* time: when women had no other art, than what Nature taught am (and yet there needes little Art I wisse to teach a woman to dissemble) when Luxurie was vnborne, at least vntaught, the art to steale from a forbidden tree: when Coaches, when Perwigges, and painting, when Maskes, and Masking: in a word when Court and Courting was vnknowne, an easie mist might then perhappes haue wrought vpon my sence as it does now on the poore Countesse and thine.

Mug. O world!

Rho. O flesh!

Mug. O Diuell!

Rhod. I tell thee *Mugeron*, the Flesh is growne so great with the Diuell, as theres but a little Honestie left ith world. That, that is, is in Lawyers, they ingrosse all: S'foote what gaue the first fire to the Counts Iealousie?

Mug. What but his misconstruction of her honourable affection to *Vandome*.

Rho. Honourable affection? first shees an ill huswife of her honour, that puts it vpon construction: but the presumption was violent against her, no speeche but of *Vandome*, no thought but of his memorie, no myrth but in his companie, besides the free entercourse of Letters, Fauours, and other entertainments, too too manifest signes that her heart went hand in hand with her tongue.

Mug. Why, was shee not his mistresse?

Rhod. I, I, a Court tearme, for I wotte what, slight *Vandome* the *S*tallion of the *C*ourt, her deuoted Seruant, and forsoothe loues her honourablie: Tush, hees a foole that beleeues it: for my part *I* loue to offende in the better part still, and that is, to iudge charitablie: But now forsoothe to redeeme her Honour, shee must by a laborious and violent kinde of *P*urgation, Rubbe off the *S*kinne, to wash out the spotte, Turne her *C*hamber to a *C*ell, the *S*unne into a Taper, And (as if shee liu'd in another worlde amongst the *Antipodes*,) make our night her day, and our day her night, that vnder this curtaine, shee may laye his iealousie a sleepe, whiles shee turnes poore *Argus* to *Acteon*, and makes his *S*heets common to her *S*eruaunt *Vandome*.

Mug. *Vandome*? Why hee was mette i'th streete but euen now, newly arriv'd after three yeares trauaile.

Rhod. Newely arriv'd? hee has beene arriv'd this twelue-month, and has euer since lyne close in his mistresse cunning darkenesse, at her seruice.

Mug. Fye a the Deuill, who will not enuie slaunder? O the miserable condition of her Sexe: borne to liue vnder all construction. If shee be courteous, shees thought to be wanton: if shee be kinde, shees too willing: if coye, too wilfull: if shee be modest: shees a clowne, if shee bee honest, shees a foole: And so is hee.

Enter

Enter D'oliue.

Rhod. What *Monsieur D'oliue*, the onely admyrer of wit and good words.

D'ol. Morrowe wits, morrowe good wits: my little parcell of wit, *I* haue Roddes in pisse for you; how doest *Iacke*, may *I* call thee *Syr Iack* yet?

Mug. You may Syr: Syrs as commendable an addition as *Iacke*, for ought *I* knowe.

D'ol. I know it *Iacke*, and as common too.

Rho. Go too, you may couer; wee haue taken notice of your embroydered Beuer:

D'ol. Looke you: by Heauen tha'art one of the maddest bitter slaues in *Europe*, *I* doe but wonder how *I* made shifte to loue thee all this while.

Rho. Go too what might such a parcell guilt couer be worth?

Mug. Perhappes more then the whole peece besides.

D'ol. Good yfaith, but bytter, O you madde slaues, I thinke you had *Satyres*, to your syres, yet *I* must loue you, *I* must take pleasure in you, and yfaith tell mee, how ist? liue *I* see you doe, but how? but how? witts?

Rho. Faith as you see, like poore younger Brothers.

D'ol. By your wittes?

Mug. Nay not turnd Poets neither.

D'ol. Good soothe: but indeede to say truth, Time was when the sonnes of the *Muses* had the priuiledge to liue onlie by their wits, but times are altered, *Monopolies* are nowe calld in, & wits become a free trade for all sorts to liue by, Lawyers liue by wit and they liue worshipfully: Souldiers liue by wit, and they liue honourably: Panders liue by wit, and they liue honestlie. *In* a word there are fewe trades but liue by wit, onely bawdes and Midwifes liue by Womens labours, as Fooles and Fidlers do by making myrth, Pages and Parasits by making legges: Paynters and Players by

making mouthes and faces: ha doeſt well wits?

Rho. Faith thou followeſt a figure in thy ieſts, as counttey Gentlemen followe faſhions when they bee worne threed-bare.

D'ol. Well, well, lets leaue theſe wit skirmiſhes, and ſay when ſhall we meete?

Mug. How thinke you, are we not met now?

D'ol. Tuſh man, I meane at my chamber, where we may take free vſe of our ſelues, that is, drinke Sacke, and talke *Satyre*, and let our wits runne the wilde Gooſe chaſe ouer Court and Countrey, I will haue my chamber the Rende-vous of all good wits, the ſhoppe of good wordes, the Mint of good ieſtes, an Ordinary of fine diſcourſe, Critickes, Eſſayiſts, Linguiſts, Poets, and other profeſſors of that facultie of wit, ſhall at certaine houres ith day reſort thither, it ſhall be a ſecond *Sorbonne*, where all doubts or differences of Learning, Honour, Duelliſme, Criticiſme, and Poetrie ſhall be diſputed: and how wits, do ye follow the Court ſtill?

Rhod. Cloſe at heeles ſir, and I can tell you, you haue much to aunſwere for your ſtarres, that you doe not ſo too.

D'ol. As why wits? as why?

Rhod. VVhy ſir, the Court's as twere the ſtage: and they that haue a good ſuite of parts and qualities, ought to preſſe thither to grace them, and receiue their due merite.

Dol. Tuſh, let the Court follow me: he that ſoares too neare the ſunne, melts his wings many times: as I am, I poſſeſſe my ſelfe, I enioy my liberrie, my learning, my wit, as for wealth and honor let am go, Ile not looſe my learning to be a Lord, nor my wit to be an Alderman.

Mug. Admirable *D'olive*.

Dol. And what! you ſtand gazing at this Comet here, and admire it, I dare ſay.

Rhod. And do not you?

D'ol. Not I, I admire nothing but wit.

Rho.

Rhod. But I wonder how she entertaines time in that solitarie Cell: does she not take *Tabacco* thinke you?

D'ol. She does, she does: others make it their Physicke, she makes it her foode: her sister and she take it my turne, first one, then the other, and *Vandome* ministers to them both.

Mug. How sayest thou by that *Helene* of Greece, the Countesses sister, there were a Paragon *Monsieur D'oliue*, to admire and marrie too.

D'ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No, what acceptions lies against the choise.

D'ol. Tush, tell me not of choise, if I stood affected that way, I would chuse my wife as men do *Valentines*, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceiued in chooſing: for take this of me, there's ten times more deceipt in women then in Horse-flesh: and I say still, that a prettie well pac'd Chambermaid is the only fashion, if she grow full or fulsome, giue her but six pence to buy her a handbasket, and send her the way of all flesh, theres no more but so.

Mug. Indeed thats the sauingst way.

D'ol. O me! what a hell tis for a man to be tied to the continuall charge of a Coach, with the appurtenances, horse, men, and so forth; and then to haue a mans house pestered with a whole countrey of Guests, Groomes, Panders, wayting maides? &c. I carefull to please my wife, she careleſſe to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable if shee be wise, imperious as an Empereſſe, all she does must be law, all shee sayes Gospell: O what a pennance tis to endure her, I glad to forbeare still, all to keepe her loyall, and yet perhappes when all's done, my heyre shall be like my Horse-keeper: Fie on't, the very thought of marriage were able to coole the hotteſt liuer in France.

Rhod. VVell, I durst venture twice the price of your guilt Connies wooll, we shall haue you change your coppy ere a twelue moneths day.

Mug. We must haue you dubd ath order thers no remedie, you that haue vnmarryed, done such honourable seruice in the common-wealth, must needes receyue the honour due t'oot in marriage.

Rho. That hee may doe, and neuer marrie.

D'ol. As how wits, yfaith as how?

Rho. For if hee can prooue his father was free ath order, and that hee was his fathers sonne, then by the laudable custome of the Cittie, hee may bee a cuckold by his fathers coppie, and neuer serue fort.

D'ol. Euer good yfaith!

Mug. Nay howe can hee pleade that, when t'is as well knowne his father dyed a batcheler.

D'ol. Bitter, in verity, bitter, *But* good still in it kinde.

Rho. Goe too, we must haue you follow the lanthorne of your forefathers.

Mug. His forefathers? S'body had hee more fathers then one.

D'ol. Why this is right: heers wit canuast out ans coate, into's Iacket: the string sounds euer well, that rubs not too much ath frets: *I* must loue your Wits, *I* must take pleasure in you. Farewell good wits, you know my lodging, make an Errand thether now and than, and saue your ordinarie, doe wits, doe.

Mug. Wee shall be troublesome tee.

D'ol. O God Syr, you wrong mee, to thinke *I* can, bee troubled with wit, *I* loue a good wit, as *I* loue my selfe, if you neede a brace or two of Crownes at any time Addresse but your Sonnet, it shall bee as sufficient as your bonde at all times, *I* carrie halfe a score byrdes in a Cage, shall euer remaine at your call: Farewell wits, farewell good wits. *Exit.*

Rho.

Rho. Farewell the true mappe of a gull: by Heauen hee ſhall too'th Court: t'is the perfect model of an impudent vpſtart: the compound of a Poet, and a Lawyer, hee ſhall ſure too'th Court.

Mug. Naye for Gods ſake, letts haue no fooles at Court.

Rho. Hee ſhall too't thats certaine, the Duke had a purpoſe to diſpatch ſome one or other to the French King, to entreat him to ſend for the bodie of his Neece, which the melancoly Earle of *Saint Anne*, her husband hath kept ſo long vnburied, as meaning one graue ſhould entombe himſelfe and her together.

Mug. A very worthy ſubiect for an Ambaſſage, as *D'oline* is for an Ambaſſador Agent, and t'is as ſutable to his braine, as his parcell guilt Beuer to his fooles head.

Rho. Well it ſhall goe hard but hee ſhall bee employd, O tis a moſt accompliſht aſſe, the mugrill of a Gull, and a villaine, the very eſſence of his ſoule is pure villany: The ſubſtance of his braine-foolery: one that beleeues nothing from the ſtarres vpward. A Pagan in beleefe, an Epicure beyond beleefe, Prodigious in luſt, Prodigall in waſtfull expence, in neceſſary moſt penurious, his wit is to admire and imitate, his grace is to cenſure, and detract; he ſhall too'th Court, y faith hee ſhall thither, I will ſhape ſuch employement for him, as that hee himſelfe ſhall haue no leſſe contentment, in making myrth to the whole Court, then the Duke and the whole Court ſhall haue pleaſure in enioying his preſence. A knaue if hee be riche, is fit to make an Officer, As a Foole if hee bee a knaue is fit to make an Intelligencer.

Exeunt.

ENTER.

Actus secundi Scena prima.

Enter Digue, Licette, with Tapers.

Dig. What an order is this? Eleuen a clocke at night is our Ladies morning, and her houre to rise at, as in the morning it is other Ladies houre: these Tapers are our Sunnes, with which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee *Licette* what makes the virgin Ladie, my Ladies sister, breake wind so continually, and sigh so tempestuously, I beleeue shees in loue?

Lycet. With whom, can you tell?

Dig. Not very well, but certes thats her disease, a man may cast her water in her face: The truth is, t'is no matter what she is, for there is little goodnesse in her, I could neuer yet finger one Cardicue of her bountie: And indeed all bountie now adayes is dead amongst Ladies. This same *Bonitas* is quite put downe amongst am. But see, Now we shall discouer the heauinesse of this virgine Ladie, Ile eauesdroppe, and if it be possible, heare who is her Louer: For when this same amorous spirit possesses these young people, they haue no other subiect to talke of.

Enter Marcellina and Euryone.

Eur. O sister, would that matchlesse Earle euer haue wrongd his wife with iealousie?

Mar. Neuer.

Eury. Good Lord what difference is in men? but such a man as this was euer seen to loue his wife, euen after death so dearely, to liue with her in death? To leaue the world and all his pleasures: all his friends and honours, as all were nothing, now his wife is gone, is it not strange?

Mar.

MAR. Exceeding ſtrange.

EVRY: But ſiſter ſhould not the noble man be Chronicled if he had right, I pray you ſiſter, ſhould he not?

Mar: Yes, yes he ſhould.

EVRY: But did you euer heare of ſuch a Noble gentleman: did you ſiſter?

MAR: I tell you no:

EVRY: And doe not you delight to heare him ſpoken of? and praiſ'd, and honord?

Doe you not Madame?

MAR. What ſhould I ſay? I doe;

EVRY: Why very well: and ſhould not euery woman that loues the Soueraigne honour of her Sexe, delight to heare him praiſd as well as wee?

Good Maddam anſwere hartely?

MAR: Yet againe, who euer heard one talke ſo?

EVRY: Talk ſo? Why ſhould not euery Lady talke ſo?

You thinke belike I loue the Noble man:
Heauen is my iudge if I: indeede his loue
And honour to his Wife ſo after death:
Would make a Fayry loue him, yet not loue,
But thinke the better of him, and ſometimes,
Talke of his loue or ſo; But you know Maddam:
I cald her ſiſter, and if I loue him,
It is but as my Brother I proteſt.

Another within.

VAND. Let me come in; Sir you myſt not enter:

MAR. What rude diſordred noiſe is that within?

LYCIT. I know not Maddam,

DIQ. How now;

SIC: Whers my Lady?

MAR. What haſt with you?

SIC: Maddame thers one at doore that aſkes to ſpeake with you, admittes no anſwere But will enforce his paſſage to your honor.

MAR. what insolent guest is that?

EVRY. Who should he be,
That is so ignorant of your worth and customes?

Enter an other Seruant.

2 LEC. Maddam here's one hath drawne his rapier on vs and will come in he sayes.

MAR. Tis is strange Rudenes,
What is his name, dos you not know the man?

SIG. No Maddam, tis too darke.

MAR. Then take a light,
See if you know him, if not raise the streetes

Exit LYCITTE walkes with a candle.

EVRY. And keepe the doore safe: what night-walker' this, that hath not light enough to see his rudenes.

Enter LYCITTE in hast.

LYCYT. O Maddame tis the Noble gentleman,
Monsieur VANDOME your Seruant.

EVRY: Is it he? is he returnd?

MAR: Hast commend me to him tel him I may not nor will not see him: for I haue vow'd the contrary to all.

LYCIT. Maddam, we told him so a hundred times yet he will enter: [within]

Within: Hold, hold, keepe him back there:

MAR: What rudenes what strange insolence is this:

Enter VANDOME.

VAND: What hower is this? what fashion? what sad life?
What superstition of vn holy vow?
What place is this? O shall it ere be said
Such perfect Iudgement should be drownd in Humor?
Such beauty consecrate to Batts and Owles:
Here lyes the weapon that enforst my passage,
Sought in my loue, sought in regard of you:
For whom I will indure a thousand deaths,
Rather then suffer you to perish thus
And be the fable of the scornefull world;
Yf I offend you Lady kill me now,

Mar:

MAR: What shall I say? Ahlas my worthy Seruant,
I would to God I had not liu'd to be
A fable to the worlde, a shame to thee.
VAND Deare mistris heare me & forbeare these humors.
MAR For beare your vaine disswasions
VAND. shall your iudgement?
MAR. I will not heare a word. EXIT MARD.
VVNI: Strange will in women; EXIT MARC.
What sayes my honorable virgin sister?
How is it you can brooke, this Batt-like life?
And sit as one without life?
EVRY: Would I were,
If any man would kill me, I'de forgiue him,
VAN. O true fit of a maiden Melancholy?
Whence comes it, louely sister?
EVR: In my minde:
Your selfe hath small occasion to be merry:
That are arriu'd on such a haples Shore:
As beares the dead waight of so deare a Sister:
For whose decease being my deare Sister vow'd.
I shall for euer leade this desolate life.
VAN. Now heauen forbid; women in Loue with women;
Loues fire shines with too mutuall a refraction,
And both wayes weakens his colde beames too much:
To pierce so deeply tis not for her I know
that you are thus impassiond.
EVR: For her I would be sworne and for her husband,
VAN: I mary Sir, a quick man may doe much,
In theise kinde of impressions.
EVR: See how Idely.
You vnderstand me? theise same trauailers,
That can line any where, make iests of any thing:
And cast so farre from home, for nothing else:
But to learne how they may cast of their friends,
She had a husband does not cast her of so;
O tis a rare, a Noble gentleman.

Well well, there is some other Humor stirring,
In your young bloud then a dead womans Loue:
EVRY: No, ile be sworne:
VAND: Why is it possible?
That you, whose frolicke brest was euer filde,
With all the spirits of a mirthfull Lady:
Should be with such a sorrow so transform'd?
Your most sweet hand in touch of Instruments:
Turnd to pick strawes, and fumble vpon Rushes;
Your heauenly voice, turnd into heauy sighes,
And your rare wit to in a manner tainted.
This cannot be, I know some other cause,
Fashions this strange effect, and that my selfe:
Am borne to find it out, and be your cure:
In any wound it forceth whatsoeuer,
But if you wil not, tell me at your perill.
EVRY: Brother.
VAND. Did you call?
EVRY: No tis no matter.
VAND: So then:
EVRY: Doe you heare?
Assur'd you are my kind and honor'd Brother,
Ile tell you all:
VAND: O will you doe so then?
EVRY. you will be secret?
VAND: Secret? ist a secret?
EVRY: No tis a triffle that torments one thus:
Did euer man aske such a question,
When he had brought a woman to this passe?
VAND: What tis no Treason is it?
EVRY: Treason quoth he?
VAND: Well if it be, I will engage my quarters:
With a faire Ladies euer, tell the secret.
EVRY: Attending oftentimes the Duke & Dutchesse,
To visit the most passionate Earle your Brother:

That

That Noble Gentleman.

VAND: Well ſaid put in that,

EVRY Put it in? why? y'faith y'are ſuch a man,
Ile tell no further, you are changed indeede.
A trauaile quoth you?

VAND: Why what meanes this?
Come Lady fourth, I would not looſe the thankes
The credit and the honor I ſhall haue:
For that moſt happy Good I know in Fate,
I am to furniſh thy deſires withall:
For all this houſe in Gold.

EVRY Thanke you good Brother:
Attending (as I ſay) the Duke and Dutcheſſe
To the ſad Earle.

VAND: That noble gentleman?

EVRY: Why I, is he not?

VAND: Beſhrew my hart elſe,
The Earle quoth you, he caſt not of his Wife.

EVRY: Nay looke you now,

VAND: Why does he pray?

EVRY: Why no:
VAN. Footh then I pray, you louers are ſo captious

EVRY: When I obſeru'd his conſtancie in Loue:
His honor of his deere wiues memory,
His woe for her, his life with her in death:
I grew in loue, euen with his very mind.

VAND: O with his mind?
EVR: I by my ſoule no more,
VAND: A good mind certainly is a good thing:
And a good thing you know.

EVR: That is the chiefe:
The body without that, Ahlas is nothing:
And this his mind caſt ſuch a fier into me:
That it hath halfe conſum'd me, ſince it lou'd
His Wife ſo dearely, that was deere to me.
And euer I am ſaying to my ſelfe:

How more then happy should that woman be:
That had her honord place in his true loue:
But as for me I know I haue no reason.
To hope for such a honor at his hands.
VAND: What at the Earles hands: I thinke so indeede,
Heauen I beseech thee was your loue so simple:
T'n flame it selfe with him? why hee's a husband:
For any Princesse any Queene or Empresse:
The Ladies of this land would teare him peece-meale:
(As did the drunken Froes, the THRATIAN HARPER)
To mary but a lymbe, a looke of him,
Heauens my sweet comfort: Set your thoughts on him?
EVR. O cruell man, dissembling trauailer,
Euen now you took vpon you to be sure
It was in you to satisfie my longings,
And whatsoeuer t'were, you would procure it,
O you were borne to doe me good, you know.
You would not loose the credit and the honor.
You should haue by my satisfaction?
For all this house in Gold the very Fates,
And you were all one in your power to help me.
And now to come and wonder at my folly.
Mocke me? and make my Loue impossible
Wretch that I was, I did not keepe it in,
VAN. Alas poore sister; when a greefe is growne,
Full home, and to the deepest then it breakes.
And ioy (Sunn like) out of a black cloude shineth.
But couldst thou thinke yfaith I was in earnest:
To esteeme any man without the reach
Of thy far-shooting beauties any name?
Too Good to subscribe to EVRIONE:
Here is my hand, if euer I were thought
A gentleman or would be still esteemd so
I will so vertuously solicite for thee:
And with such cunning wind into his heart,
That I sustaine no doubt I shall dissolue

His

His setled Melancholy be it nere so grounded.
On rationall loue, and graue Philosophy,
I know my sight will cheere him at the heart:
In whom a quick forme of my deare deade Sister
Will fire his heauy spirrits. And all this
May worke that change in him, that nothing else
Hath hope to ioy in, and so farewel Sister
Some few dayes hence, ile tell thee how I speed.

EVR, Thankes honord Brother: but you shall not goe before you dine with your best loued Mistris.
Come in sweet Brother:

VAND: In to dinner now?
Midnight would blush, at that farewell, farewell:

EVR: Deere Brother doe but drinke or tast a Banquet y-faith I haue most excellent conserues
You shall come in, in earnest, stay a little
Or will you drinke some Cordial stilld waters,
After your trauel, pray thee worthy brother
Vpon my loue you shall stay? sweet now enter.

VAND: Not for the world, commend my humble seruice,
And vse all meanes to bring abroad my Mistris.

EVR: I will in sadnes; farewell happy brother. Exeunt.

¶ ENTER PHILLIP. GVEAQ. IERONNIME. & MVGERON. GVEAQ. & IERO. sit down to worke

PHIL. Come MVGERON, where is this worthy statesman
That you and Rhoderique would perswade:
To be our worthy Agent into France,
The coullor we shal lay on it t'inter,
The body of the long deceased Countesse,
The French Kings neece, whom her kind husband keepes
With such great cost, and care from burial:
Will shew as probable as can be thought.
Thinke you he can be gotten to performe it
MVG: Feare not my Lo: The wizzard is as forward,
To vsurpe greatnes, as all greatnes is:
To abuse vertue, or as riches honor.
You cannot loade the Asse with too much honor,

He

He ſhall be yours my Lord Rhoderique and I,
Will giue him to your highnes for your ſoote-cloth:
PHIL: How happens it, he liud conceald ſo long,
MVG. It is his humor ſir; for he ſayes ſtill,
His iocund mind loues pleaſure aboue honor,
His ſwindge of liberty, aboue his life,
It is not ſafe (ſayes he) to build his neſt
So neere the Eagle, his mind is his Kingdome
His chamber is a Court, of all good witts,
And many ſuch rare ſparkes of Reſolution,
He bleſſeth his moſt loued ſelfe withall,
As preſently, your excellence ſhall heare.
But this is one thing I had halfe forgotten.
With which your highnes needs muſt be prepar'd,
I haue diſcourſt with him about the office:
Of an Ambaſſador, and he ſtands on this.
That when he once hath kiſt your Highnes hand,
And taken his diſpatch he then preſents:
Your Highnes parſon, hath your place and power,
Muſt put his hat on, vſe you, as you him:
That you may ſee before he goes how well,
He can aſſume your preſence and your greatnes
PHIL. And will he practiſe his new ſtate before vs?
MVG: I and vpon you too, and kiſſe your Dutcheſſe,
As you vſe at your parting.
PHIL: Out vpon him, ſhe will not let him kiſſe her
MVG: He will kiſſe her, to doe your parſon right,
PHIL: It will be excellent:
She ſhall not know this till he offer it:
MVG: See ſee, he comes,

Enter Rhod: Monſ: Doliue & Pacque.

RHO. Heere is the gentleman
Your highnes doth deſire to doe you honor
In the preſenting of your princely parſon
And going Lord Ambaſſador to'th French King,

PHIL: Is this the gentleman whose worth so highly
You recommend to our election?
AMBO: This is the man my Lord
PHIL: Wee vnderstand Sir:
We haue beene wrongd, by being kept so long
From notice of your honorable parts
Wherein your country claimes a deeper intrest
Then your meere priuate selfe; what makes wise Nature
Fashion in men thiese excellent perfections
Of haughty courage, great wit, wiledome incredible
DOLI: It pleaseth your good excellence to say so
PHI: But that she aymes therein at publique good
And you in duty thereto of your selfe
Ought to haue made vs tender of your parts
And not entombe them tirant-like aliue
RHO: We for our parts, my Lord are not in fault,
For we haue spurrd him forward euermore
Letting him know how fit an instrument
He was to play vpon in stately Musique.
MVG, And if he had bin ought else but an Asse
Your Grace ere this time long had made him great
Did not we tell you this?
DOLI: Oftentimes,
But sure my honord Lord the times before
Were not as now they be, thankes to our fortune
That we inioy so sweet and wise a prince
As is your gratious selfe; for then t'was pollicie
To keepe all witts of hope still vnder hatches
Farre from the Court, least their exceeding parts
Should ouer shine those that were then in place
And t'was our happines, that we might liue so
For in that freely choos'd obscuritie
Wee found our safetie, which men most of Note
Many times lost, and I ahlas for my part,
Shrunk my despised head in my poore shell
For your learnd excellence, I konow knows well.

Qui bene latuit, bene vixit, ſtill.

PHI, T was much you could containe your ſelfe, that had
So great meanes to haue liu'd in greater place
DOL: Faith Sir I had a poore roofe, or a paint-houſe
To ſhade me from the Sunne, and three or foure tyles
To ſhrow'd me from the Rayne, and thought my ſelfe
As private as I had King Giris Ring
And could haue gone inviſible, yet ſaw all
That paſt our ſtates rough Sea both neere and farre,
There ſaw I our great Galliaſſes toſt
Vpon the wallowing waues, vp with one billow
And then downe with another: Our great men
Like to a Maſſe of clowds that now ſeeme like
An Elephant, and ſtraight wayes like an Oxe
And then a Mouſe, or like thoſe changeable creatures
That liue in the Burdello, now in Satten
To morrow next in Stammell.
When I ſate all this while in my poore cell
Secure of lightning, or the ſodaine Thunder
Conuerſt with the poore Muſes; gaue a ſcholler
Forty or fiftie crownes a yeare to teach me
And prate to me about the predicables
When indeede my thoughts flew a higher pitch
Then Genus and Species as by this taſt
I hope your highnes happyly perceiues
And ſhall hereafter more at large approue
If any worthy oportunitie
Make but her fore topp ſubiect to my hold
And ſo I leaue your Grace to the tuition
Of him that made you.

RHO: Soft good Sir I pray:
What ſayes your Excellence to this gentleman?
Haue I not made my word good to your highnes?

PHI: Well Sir, how euer Enuious policie
Hath rob'd my predeceſſors of your ſeruice
You muſt not ſcape my hands, that haue deſign'd

pre-

preſent employment for you; and tis this
T'is not vnknowne vnto you; with what griefe
Wee take the ſorrow of the Earle Saint Anne
For his deceaſed wife; with whoſe dead ſight
Hee feeds his paſſion, keeping her from right
Of chriſtian buriall, to make his eyes
Doe pennance by their euerlaſting teares
For looſing the deare ſight of her quick bewties
DOL: Well ſpoke y-faith, your grace muſt giue me leaue
To praiſe your witt, for faith tis rarely ſpoken
PHIL. The better for your good commendation
But Sir your Ambaſſy to the French King
Sha ll be to this effect; thus you ſhall ſay
DOL: Not ſo, your Excellence ſhall pardon me
I will not haue my tale put in my mouth
If you le deliuer me your mind in groſe
Why ſo I ſhall expreſſe it as I can
I warrant you t'wilbe ſufficient.
PHIL: T'is very good, then Sir my will in groſe
Is that in pitty of the ſad Countes caſe
The King would aske the body of his Neece
To giue it Funerall fitting her high blood,
Which (as your ſelfe requires and reaſon wills)
I leaue to be enforſt and amplyfied
With all the Ornaments of Arte and Nature
Which flowes I ſee in your ſharp intellect
DOL: Ahlas you cannot ſee't in this ſhort time
But there be, ſome not far hence that haue ſeene
And heard me too ere now: I could haue wiſht
Your highnes preſence in a priuat Conuenticle
At what time the high point of ſtate was handled?
PHIL: What was the point?
DOL: It was my happ to make a number there
My ſelfe (as euery other Gentleman)
Beeing intereſted in that graue affayre
Where I deliuer'd my opinion: how well?

DOL: What was the matter pray
The matter, Sir.
Was of an antient subiect, and yet newly
Cald into question; And t'was this in breefe
We sate as I remember all in rowt,
All sorts of men together,
A Squier and a Carpenter, a Lawier and a Sawier.
A Marchant and a Broker, a Iustice and a peasant
and so forth without all difference
PHIL: But what was the matter?
DOL, Faith a stale argument though newly handled
And I am fearefull I shall shame my selfe:
The subiect is so thred bare
PHIL: Tis no matter be as it wil go to ỳpoint I pray,
DOL: Then thus it is: the question of estate
(Or the state of the question) was in briefe
whether in an Aristocratie
Or in a Democriticall estate
Tobacco might be brought to lawfull vse
But had you heard the excellent speeches there
Touching this part:
MVG: RHO: Pray thee to the point
DOL: First to the point then,
Vpstart a weauer, blowne vp b'inspiration
That had borne office in the congregation
A little fellow and yet great in spirit
I neuer shall forget him; for he was
A most hot liuer'd enemie to Tobacco
His face was like the ten of Diamonds
Pointed each where with pushes, and his Nose
Was like the Ase of clubs (which I must tell you
Was it that set him, and Tobacco first at such hot Enmitie
for that nose of his (acccording to the Puritannick cut] hauing a narrow bridge, and this Tobacco: being in drink durst not passe by and finding stopt his narrow passage fled backe as it came and went away in Pett.

Mug-

MVG: Iuſt cauſe of quarrell
PHI: But pray thee briefely ſay what ſaid the weauer
DOL: The weauer Sir much like a virginall iack
Start nimbly vp; the culler of his beard
I ſcarſe remember; but purblind he was
With the GENEVA print, and wore one eare
Shorter then tother for a difference
PHI: A man of very open note it ſeemes
DOL: He was ſo Sir, and hotly he envaid
Againſt Tobacco (with a moſt ſtrong breath
For he had eaten garlicke the ſame morning
As t'was his vſe partly againſt ill ayres
Partly to make his ſpeeches ſauorie
Said t'was a pagan plant, a prophane weede
And a moſt ſinful ſmoke, that had no warrant
Out of the word; inuented ſure by Sathan
In theiſe our latter dayes, to caſt a miſt
Before mens eyes, that they might not behold
The groſenes of olde ſuperſtition
Which is as t'were deriu'd into the church
From the ſowle ſin ke of Romiſh popery
And that it was a iudgement on our land
That the ſvbſtantiall commodities.
And mighty bleſſings of this Realme of France
Bells, Rattles, hobby horſes and ſuch like
Which had brought ſo much wealth into the Land
Should now be changd into the ſmoke of vanitie
The ſmoke of ſuperſtition; for his owne part
He held a Garlick cloue being ſanctifyed
Did edifie more the body of a man
Then a whole tun of this prophane Tobacco
Being tane without thanke ſ-giuing; in a word
He ſaid it was a ragge of Popery?
And none that were truely regenerate would
Prophane his Noſthrils with the ſmoke thereof
And ſpeaking of your grace behind your back,

He chargd and coniur'd you to see the vse,
Of vaine Tobacco banisht from the land
Forfeare least for the great abuse thereof
Or candle were put out; and therewithall
Taking his handker-chiefe to wipe his mouth
As he had told a lie, he tun'd his noise
To the olde straine as if he were preparing
For a new exercise, But I my selfe
[Angry to heare this generous Tabacco
The Gentlemans Saint and the souldiers idoll
So ignorantly poluted] stood me vp
Tooke some Tabacco for a complement
Brake fleame some twice or thrice, then shooke mine eares
And lickt my lipps, as if I begg'd attention
and so directing me to your sweet Grace
Thus I replyed,

RHO: MVG: Rome for a speach there. Silence

DOL. I am amused, or I am in a quandarie gentlemen [for in good faith I remember not well whether of them was my words]

PHI: Tis no matter either of them will serue the turne

DOL: Whether I should (as the Poet sayes) eloquar, an silíam? whether by answering a foole I should my selfe seeme no lesse; or by giving way to his winde (for words are but winde) I might betray the cause; to the maintaynance whereof, all true Troyans (from whose race we claime our decent] owe all their patrimonies; and if neede be their deerest blood, and their sweetest breath, I would not be tedious to your highnes:

PHI: You are not Sir: Proceede:

DOL. TABACCO that excellent plant, the vse whereof [as of fift Element] the world cannot want, is that little shop of Nature, wherein her whole workeman-ship is abridg'd; where you may see Earth kindled into fier, the fire breath out an exhalation, which entring in at the mouth walkes through the Regions of a mans brayne, driues

out

out all ill Vapours but itselfe, drawes downe all bad Humors by the the mouth, which in time might breed a Scabbe ouer the whole body if already they haue not; a plant of singular vse, for on the one side, Nature being an Enemie to Vacuitie and emptines, and on the other, there beeing so many empty braines in the World as thete are, how shall Natures course be continued? How shall thiese empty braines be filled, but with ayre Natures immediate instrument to that purpose? If with ayre, what so proper as your fume: what fume so healthfull as your perfume? what perfume so soueraigne as Tabacco? Besides the excellent edge it giues a mans wit, [as they can best iudge that haue beene present at a feast of Tobacco where commonly all good witts are consorted] what varietie of discourse it begets? What sparkes of wit it yeelds, it is a world to heare: as likewise to the courage of a man, for if it be true, that Iehannes de sauo et sauo et writes, that hee that drinkes Veriuice pisseth vinegere, Then it must needs follow to be as true, that hee that eates smoke, farts fire; for Garlicke I will not say becausse it is a plant of our owne country; but it may cure the diseases of the country, but for the diseases of the Court, they are out of the Element of Garlick to medicine; to conclude as there is no enemy to Tabacco but Garlick, so there is no friend to Garlick, but a sheeps head and so I conclude.

PHIL: Well Sir, Yf this be but your Naturall vaine
I must confesse I knew you not indeede
When I made offer to instruct your brayne
For the Ambassage, and will trust you now
If t'were to send you foorth to the great Turke
With an Ambassage

DOL: But Sir in conclusion
T'was orderd for my speach, that since Tobacco
Had so long bin in vse, it should thence foorth

Be brought to lawfull vſe; but limitted thus
That none ſhould dare to take it but a gentleman
Or he that had ſome gentlemanly humor
The Murr, the Head-ach, the Cattar, the bone-ach
Or other branches of the ſharpe ſalt Rhewme
Fitting a gentleman.

RHO: Your grace has made choiſe
Of a moſt ſimple Lo: Ambaſſador

PHI: Well Sir you needs not looke for a commiſſion
My hand ſhall well diſpatch you for this buſines
Take now the place and ſtate of an Anbaſſador
Preſent our parſon and performe our charge
And ſo farewell good Lord Ambaſſador

DOL: Farewell good Duke and GVEAQVIN to thee

GVE: How now you foole? out you preſumptious gull

D'OL: How now you baggage? ſfoote, are you ſo coy
To the Dukes parſon, to his ſecond ſelfe?
are you to good dame to enlarge your ſelfe
Vnto your proper obiect? ſlight twere a good deede

GVE: What meanes your grace to ſuffer me abuſ'd thus

PHI: Sweet Loue be pleaſ'd; you do not know this Lord
Giue me thy hand my Lord:

DOL: And giue me thine

PHIL: Farewell againe

D'OL: Farewell againe to thee

PHI: Now go thy ways for an ambaſſador } Exiunt PHIL
D'OL: Now goe thy wayes for a Duke } Gueaq; Iero:

MVG: RHO: Moſt excellent Lord,

RHO. Why this was well performd and like a Duke
Whoſe parſon you moſt naturally preſent

D'OL: I told you I would doo't, now ile begin
To make the world take notice I am noble
The firſt thing I will doe ile ſweare to pay
No debts vpon my honor.

MVG; A good cheape proofe of your Nobilitie

D'OL.

D'ol. But if I knew where I might pawne mine honor,
For some odd thousand Crownes, it shalbe layd:
Ile pay't againe when I haue done withall:
Then twill be expected I shalbe of some Religion,
I must thinke of some for fashion, or for faction sake,
As it becomes great personages to doe:
Ile thinke vpon't betwixt this and the day.

Rho. Well sayd my Lord; this Lordship of yours wil worke a mighty alteration in you: do you not feele it begins to worke alreadie?

D'ol. Fayth onely in this; it makes mee thinke, how they that were my Companions before, shall now be my fauorites: They that were my Friends before, shall now be my followers: They that were my Seruants before, shall now be my knaues: But they that were my Creditors before, shall remaine my Creditors still.

Mug. Excellent Lord: Come, will you shew your Lordship in the Presence now?

D'ol. Faith I do not care, if I go and make a face or two there, or a few gracefull legges; speake a little Italian, and away; there's all a Presence doth require.

FINIS ACTVS SECVNDI.

ACTVS TERTII. Scæna prima.

Enter Vandome, and St. Anne.

St. Anne.

YOu haue enclinde me more to leaue this life,
Then I suppos'de it possible for an Angell;
Nor is your iudgement to suppresse your passion:
For so deare lou'd a Sister (being as well
Your blood and flesh, as mine) the least enforcement
Of your diswasiue arguments. And besides,
Your true resemblance of her, much supplies
Her want in my affections; with all which,
I feele in these deepe griefes, to which I yeeld
A kind of false sluggish (and rotting sweetnes,)

Mixt with an humour where all things in life,
Lie drownd in sower, wretched, and horred thoughts:
The way to cowardly desperation opened,
And whatsoeuer vrgeth soules accurst.
To their destruction, and sometimes their plague,
So violently gripes me, that I lie
Whole dayes and nightes bound at his tirranous feete?
So that my dayes are not like life or light,
But bittereſt death, and a continuall night.

Vand. The ground of all is vnsuffised Loue,
Which would be beſt easd with some other obiect:
The generall rule of *Naso* being autentique
Quod succeßore nouo vincitur omnis Amor:
For the affections of the minde drawne foorth
In many currents, are not so impulsiue
In anie one; And so the *Persian* King
Made the great Riuer *Ganges* runn distinctly
In an innumerable sort of Channels;
By which meanes, of a fierce and dangerous Flood,
He turnd it into many pleasing Riuers:
So likewise is an Armie disarayd,
Made penetrable for the assaulting foe:
So huge Fiers being deffused, grow aswadgd:
Lastly, as all force being vnite, increaseth;
So being dispearst, it growes lesse sharpe, and ceaseth.

S. Anne. Ahlas, I know I cannot loue another,
My hart accustomd to loue onely her,
My eyes accustomd to view onely her,
Will tell me whatsoeuer is not her, is foule and hatefull.

Vand. Yet forbeare to keepe her
Still in your sight: force not her breathles body
Thus against Nature to suruiue, being dead:
Let it consume, that it may reassume
A forme incorruptible; and refraine
The places where you vide to ioy in her:
Heu fuge dilectas terras, fuge litus Amatum:
For how can you be euer sound or safe.
Where in so many red steps of your wounds,

Gaspe

Gaſpe in your eyes? with change of place be ſure,
Like ſicke men mending, you ſhall find recure.

Enter the Duke, D'olive, Guerquin, Ieronime, Muge, Rhod. to ſee the dead Counteſſe that is kept in her attire vnburied.

D'ol. Fayth Madam, my companie may well be ſpard at ſo mournefull a viſitation: For, by my ſoule, to ſee *Pigmalion* dote vpon a Marble Picture, a ſenceles Statue, I ſhould laugh and ſpoyle the Tragedie,

Gur. Oh, tis an obiect full of pittie my Lord.

D'ol. Tis pittie in deed, that any man ſhould loue a woman ſo conſtantly.

Duke. Bitterly turnd my Lord: we muſt ſtill admire you.

D'ol. Tuſh my Lord, true Manhood can neither mourne nor admire: It's fitt for Women, they can weepe at pleaſure, euen to admiration.

Gur. But men vſe to admire rare things, my Lord,

D'ol. But this is nothing rare; Tis a vertue common for men to loue their Wiues after death: The value of a good Wife (as all good things elſe) are better knowne by their want, then by their fruition: for no man loues his Wife ſo well while ſhe liues, but he loues her ten times better when ſhee's dead.

Rho. This is ſound Philoſophie, my Lord.

D'ol. Faith, my Lord, I ſpeake my thoughts; and for mine owne part, I ſhould ſo ill indure the loſſe of a Wife (alwayes prouided, I lou'd her) that if I loſt her this weeke, I'de haue another by the beginning a'th next: And thus reſolu'd, I leaue your Highnes to deale with *Atropos*, for cutting my Ladyes threed: I am for *France*; all my care is for Followers to Imp out my Traine: I feare I muſt come to your Grace for a Preſſe; for I will be followd as becomes an honorable Lord: and that is, like an honeſt Squire: for without great Lords, followers abrod, and Hoſpitalitie at home, are out of date: The world's now growne thriftie: He that fils a whole Page in folio, with his Stile; thinkes it verieſt Noble, to be mand with one bare Page and a *Pandare*; and yet *Pandare* in auntient time, was the name of an honeſt Courtier; what tis now, *Viderit vtilitas*: Come Witts, let's to my Chamber. *Exeunt. Manent Vendo, S. An.*

Vande. Well now my Lord, remember all the reasons
And arguments I vsde at first to you,
To draw you from your hurtfull passions:
And therewithall, admit one further cause,
Drawne from my loue, and all the powers I haue;
Euryene, vow'd sister to my sister,
Whose vertues, beauties, and perfections,
Adorne our Countrie, and do neerest match
With her rich graces, that your loue adores,
Hath wounded my affections; and to her
I would intreat your Lordships gracefull word:

S. Anne. But is it true? Loues my deare brother now?
It much delights me, for your choyce is Noble:
Yet need you not vrge me to come abrode,
Your owne worth will suffize for your wisht speed.

Vand. I know my Lord, no man aliue can winn
Her resolu'd iudgment from virginitie,
Vnlesse you speake for him, whose word of all Dames
Is held most sweet, and worthie to perswade them.

S. Anne. The world will thinke mee too phantasticall,
To ope so sodenly my vow'd obscurenes.

Vand. My Lord, my loue is suddaine, and requires
A suddaine remedie: If I be delayed,
Consider Loues delay breedes desperation,
By waighing how strongly Loue workes in your selfe.

S. Anne. Deare Brother, nothing vnderneath the Starres,
Makes mee so willing to pertake the ayre,
And vndergo the burden of the world,
As your most worthy selfe, and your wisht good:
And glad I am that by this meanes I may
See your descent continued, and therein
Behold some new borne Image of my wife:
Deare life, take knowledge that thy Brothers loue,
Makes me dispaire with my true zeale to thee:
And if for his sake I admit the Earth
To hide this treasure of thy pretious beauties;
And that thy part suruiuing, be not pleasd,
Let it appeare to mee ye iust assisters

Of all intentions bent to soueraigne iustice;
And I will follow it into the Graue,
Or dying with it; or preserue it thus,
As long as any life is left betwixt vs. *Exeunt.*

Enter Monseuer, D'oliue, Rhoderique.

D'ol. But didst note what a presence I came of with-all?

Rho. Sfoot, you drew the eyes of the whole presence vpon you: There was one Ladie a man might see her hart
Readie to start out of her eyes to follow you.

D'ol. But *Monseuer Mustapha* there kept state,
When I accosted him; s'light the Brasen head lookt to be
Worshipt I thinke: No Ile commit no Idolatrie for the proudest Image of'am all, I.

Rho. Your Lordship has the right garbe of an excellent Courtier, respects a Clowne, supple ioynted, courtesies a verie peagoose; tis stiffe ham'd audacity that carries it; get once within their distance, and you are in their bosoms instantly.

D'ol. S'hart doe they looke? I should stande aloofe, like a Scholares, & make leggs at their greatnes: No Ile none of that; come vp close to him, giue him a clap a'th shoulder shall make him crie oh againe: it's a tender place to deale withal, and say, Well encounterd noble *Brutus.*

Rho. Thats the onely way indeed to be familiar.

D'ol. S'foot Ile make leggs to none, vnlesse it be to a Iustice of peace when he speakes in's Chaire, or to a Cunstable when he leanes on's Staffe, thats flat: softnes and modestie sauors of the Cart, tis boldnes boldnes does the deed in the Court: and as your Camelion varries all cullours a'th Rainebow both white and red, so must your true Courtier be able to varrie his countenance through all humors; State, Strangnes, Scorne, Mirth, Melanchollie, Flatterie, and so foorth: some cullours likewise his face may change vpon occasion, Blacke or Blew it may, Tawnie it may; but Redd and White at no hand, auoyde that like a Sergeant: keepe your cullour stiffe, vnguiltie of passion or disgrace, not changing White at sight of your Mercer, nor Red at sight of your Surgeon: aboue all sinnes, heauen shield me from the sinne of blushing; it does ill in a young Waighting-

woman, but monſtrous monſtrous, in an old Courtier.

Rho. Well, all this while your Lordſhip forgets your Ambaſſages you haue giuen out, you will be gone within this moneth, and yet nothing is readie.

D'ol. Its no matter, let the Moone keepe her courſe: and yet to ſay trueth, t'were more then time I were gone, for by heauen I am ſo haunted with Followers, euerie day new offers of Followers: But heauen ſhield me from any more Followers. How now, whats the newes?

Enter Muge, and two others.

Mug. My Lord, heere's two of my ſpeciall Friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honorable action.

D'ol. S'foote, my eares are double lockt againſt Followers, you know my number's full, all places vnder mee are beſtowde: Ile out of towne this night tha'ts infallible; Ile no more Followers, a mine honour.

Mug. S'light Lord, you muſt entertaine them, they haue paid me their income, and I haue vndertaken your Lordſhippe ſhall grace them.

D'ol. Well my Maiſters, you might haue come at a time when your entertainement would haue proou'd better then now it is like: but ſuch as it is, vpon the commendation of my Steward here

Mug. A pox a your Lor. Steward?

D'ol. Y'are welcome in a word: deſerne and ſpie out.

Ambo. Wee humbly thanke your Lordſhip.

D'ol. *Mugeron*, let'am be enterd.

Mug. In what rancke my Lord, Gentlemen or Yomen?

D'ol. Gentlemen, Their bearing berayes no leſſe, it goes not alwayes by apparrell: I do alow you to ſuite your ſelues anew in my Cullours at your owne charges.

Amb. Thanke your good Lordſhip.

D'ol. Thy name firſt, I pray thee?

Cor. *Cornelius*, My Lord.

D'ol. What profeſsion?

Cor. A

Cor. A Surgeon an't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

D'ol. I had rather th'hadſt been a Barber, for I thinke there wilbe little blood-ſhed amongſt my Followers, vnleſſe it be of thy letting: Ile ſee their nailes parde before they goe. And yet now I bethinke my ſelfe, our Ambaſſage is into *Fraunce*, there may be employment for thee: haſt thou a Tubbe?

Cor. I would be loth, my Lord, to be dislocated or vnfurniſht of any of my properties.

D'ol. Thou ſpeak'ſt like thy ſelfe *Cornelius*: booke him downe Gentleman.

Mug. Verie well Sir.

D'ol. Now your profeſsion, I pray?

Frip. Fripperie, my Lord, or as ſome tearme it, *Petty Prckery*.

D'ol. An honeſt man Ile warrant thee, I neuer knew other of thy trade.

Frip. Trulie a richer your Lordship might haue,
An honeſter I hope not.

D'ol. I beleeue thee *Pettie Broker*: canſt burne Gold-lace?

Frip. I can do anie thing, my Lord, belonging to my trade.

D'ol. Booke him downe Gentleman, heele do good vpon the voyage I warrant him: prouide thee a Nagge *Pettie Broker*, thou'l finde employment for him doubt not: keepe thy ſelfe an honeſt man, and by our returne I doe not doubt but to ſee thee a rich Knaue: Farewel *Pettie Broker*, prepare your ſelues againſt the day; this Gentleman ſhall acquaint you with my Cullours: Farewell *Fripper*, Farewell *Pettie Broker*: Deſerne and ſpie out is my *Motto*. *Exeunt.*

Amb. God continue your Lordship.

Rho. A verie ſeaſonable praier,
For vnknowne to him, it lies now vpon his death-bedd.

D'ol. And how like you my Chamber good Witts?

Rho. Excellent well Sir.

D'ol. Nay beleeue it, it ſhall do well (as you will ſay) when you ſee't ſet foorth ſutable to my proiect:
Here ſhall ſtand my Court Cupbord, with it furniture of Plate:
Heere ſhall runne a Wind Inſtrument: Heere ſhall hang my baſe Viall: Heere my Theorbo: and heere will I hang my ſelfe.

Amb. I will

Amb. Twill do admirable well.

D'ol. But how will I hange my selfe good witts? Not in person, but in Picture; I will be drawne.

Rho. What hangd and drawne too?

D'ol. Good againe: I say I wilbe drawne, all in compleat Satten of some Courtly cullour, like a Knight of *Cupids* band: On this side shalbe ranckt Chaires and Stooles, and other such complements of a Chamber: This corner will be a conuenient roome for my Close stoole: I acquaint you with all my priuities, you see.

Mug. I Sir, we smell your meaning.

D'ol. Heere shalbe a Pearch for my Parrat, while I remaine vnmarried, I shall haue the lesse misse of my Wife: Heere a Hoope for my Munckie when I am married, my wife will haue the lesse misse of mee: Heere will I haue the statue of some excellent Poet, and I will haue his Nose goe with a Vice (as I haue seene the experience) And that (as if t'had taken cold i'th head,)

Rho. For want of a guilt Nightcap.

D'ol. Bitter still, shall like a Spout runne pure Witt all day long; and it shalbe fedd with a Pipe brought at my charge, from *Helicon*, ouer the Alpes, and vnder the Sea by the braine of some great Enginer; and I thinke twill do excellent.

Mug. No question of that, my Lord.

D'ol. Well, now Witts about your seueral charges touching my Ambassage: *Rhoderique*, is my Speach put out to making?

Rho. Its almost done.

D'ol. Tis well, tell him he shall haue fourtie Crownes; promisse, promisse; want for no promising: And well remembred, haue I ere a Gentleman Vsher yet; a strange thing, amongst all my followers, not one has witt enough to be a Gentleman Vsher, I must haue one ther's no remedie; Fare-well: haue a care of my Followers, all but my pettie Broker, heele shift for him selfe.

Rho. Well, let vs alone for your followers. *Exeunt.*

D'ol. Well said, deserue and spie out *Manet D'oliue.*

Amb. Me thanke your Lordship.

D'ol. Heauen I beseech thee, what an abhominable sort of Followers

Followers haue I put vpon mee : Theſe Courtiers feed on'am with my countenaunce: I can not looke into the Cittie, but one or other makes tender of his good partes to me, either his Language, his Trauaile, his Intelligence, or ſomething : Gentlemen ſend me their younger Sonnes furniſht in compleat, to learne faſhions for-ſooth; as if the riding of fiue hundred miles, & ſpending 1000. Crownes would make'am wiſer then God meant to make'am. Others with-child with the trauailing humor, as if an Aſſe for going to *Paris*, could come home a Courſer of *Naples*: Others are poſſeſt with the humor of Gallantrie, fancie it to be the onelie happineſſe in this world, to be enabled by ſuch a coolor to carrie a Feather in his Creſt, weare Gold-lace, guilt Spurs, & ſo ſets his fortunes ont: Turnes two or three Tenements into Trunckes, and creepes home againe with leſſe then a Snayle, not a Houſe to hide his head in: Three hundred of theſe Gold-finches I haue entertaind for my Followers; I can go in no corner, but I meete with ſome of my Wifflers in their accoutraments; you may heare'am halfe a mile ere they come at you, and ſmell'am halfe an hower after they are paſt you; ſixe or ſeauen make a perfect Morrice-daunce; they need no Bells, their Spurs ſerue their turne: I am aſhamd to traine'am abroade, theyle ſay I carrie a whole Forreſt of Feathers with mee, and I ſhould plod afore'am in plaine ſtuffe, like a writing Schole-maiſter before his Boyes when they goe a feaſting: I am afraid of nothing but I ſhall be Ballated, I and all my Wifflers : But its no matter, Ile faſhion'am, Ile ſhew'am faſhions: By heauen Ile giue three parts of'am the ſlipp, let'am looke fort; and yet to ſay trueth, I ſhall not need, for if I can but linger my Iorney another moneth, I am ſure I ſhall mute halfe my Feathers; I feele'am begin to weare thinne alreadie: There's not tenne Crownes in twentie a their purſes; And by this light, I was told at Court, that my greaſie Hoſt of the Porcupine laſt Holiday, was got vp to the eares in one of my Followers Satten ſuites; And *Vandome* went ſo farre, that he ſwore he ſaw two of them hangd: My ſelfe indeed paſsing yeſterday by the *Fripperie*, ſpide two of them hang out at a ſtall with a gambrell thruſt from ſhoulder to ſhoulder, like a

Sheepe that were new flead : Tis not for nothing that this Pettie Broker followes me ; The Vulture ſmels a pray; not the Carcaſes, but the Caſes of ſome of my deceaſſed Followers ; S'light, I thinke it were my wiſeſt courſe, to put tenne poundes in ſtocke with him, and turne pettie Broker ; certainelie there's good to be done vpon't; if we be but a day or two out of towne heele be able to load euerie day a freſh Horſe with Satten ſuites, and ſend them backe hither : indeed tis like to be hot trauaile, and therefore t'wilbe an eaſe to my Followers to haue their cloathes at home afore'am ; They'le on, get off how they can: Little know they what Pikes their Feathers muſt paſſe : Before they goe the Sergeants, when they come home the Surgeons; but chuſe them, Ile waſh my hands on'am. *Exit.*

FINIS ACTVS TERTII.

ACTVS QVARTI. *Sæna prima.*

Vandome ſolus.

MY Siſters Exequies are now performed
VVith ſuch pompe as expreſt the excellence
Of her Lords loue to her ; And firde the enuie
Of our great Duke, who would haue no man equall
The honour he does t'his adored wife :
And now the Earle (as he hath promiſt mee)
Is in this ſad Cell of my honord Miſtreſſe,
Vrging my loue to faire *Euryone*,
VVhich I framde, onely to bring him abrode,
And (if it might ſucceed) make his affectes
VVith change of obiectes, change his helples ſorrow
To helpfull loue. I ſtood where I obſerud
Their wordes and lookes, and all that paſt betwixt them:
And ſhee hath with ſuch cunning borne her ſelfe,
In fitting his affection, with pretending
Her mortified deſires : her onely loue
To Vertue and her louers ; and, in briefe,

Hath

Hath figurd with ſuch life my deare dead Sifter,
Enchaſing all this, with her heightned Beautie,
That I beleeue ſhe hath entangld him,
And wonn ſucceſſe to our induſtrious plot.
If he be toucht, I know it greiues his ſoule,
That hauing vndertane to ſpeake for mee,
(Imagining my loue was as I fainde)
His owne loue to her, ſhould enforce his tongue
To court her for himſelfe, and deceaue mee:
By this time, we haue tried his paſsionate blood:
If he be caught (as heauen vouchſafe he be)
Ile play alittle with his Phantaſie.

Enter St. Anne.

S. Anne. Am I alone? Is there no Eye nor Eare
That doth obſerue mee? Heauen how haue I graſpt,
My Spirrits in my hart, that would haue burſt
To giue wiſht iſſue to any violent loue?
Dead Wife excuſe me, ſince I loue thee ſtill,
That liu'ſt in her, whom I muſt loue for thee:
For he that is not mou'd with ſtrongeſt paſsion
In viewing her; that man did ne're know thee:
Shee's thy ſuruiuing Image: But woo's mee;
Why am I thus tranſported paſt my ſelfe?

Van. Oh, are your dull vxorious ſpirrits raiſd?
One madneſſe doth beget another ſtill.

St. Anne. But ſtay, Aduiſe mee Soule; why didſt thou light me
ouer this threſhold? was't to wrong my Brother?
To wrong my Wife, in wronging of my Brother?
Ile die a miſerable man: No villane:
Yet in this caſe of loue, who is my Brother?
Who is my Father? Who is any kinn?
I care not, I am neareſt to my ſelfe:
I will purſue my Paſsion; I will haue her.

Van. Traytor, I heere arreſt thee in the names
Of Heauen, and Earth, and deepeſt *Acheron:*
Loues traytor, Brothers; traytor to thy Wife.

S. Anne. O Brother, stood you so neare my dishonour?
Had you forborne awhile, all had been changd:
You know the variable thoughts of Loue,
You know the vse of Honour, that will euer
Retire into it selfe; and my iust blood
Shall rather flow with Honour then with Loue:
Be you a happie Louer, I a friend,
For I will die for loue of her and thee.

Vand. My Lord and brother, Ile not challenge more,
In loue and kindnes then my loue deserues,
That you haue found one whom your hart can like:
And that One, whom we all sought to preferre,
To make you happie in a life renewde:
It is a heauen to mee, by how much more
My hart imbrac't you for my Sisters loue:
Tis true, I did dissemble loue t'*Euryone*,
To make you happie in her deare affection,
Who more dotes on you, then you can on her:
Enioy *Euryone*, shee is your owne,
The same that euer my deare Sister was:
And heauen blesse both your loues as I release
All my faind loue, and interest to you.

S. Anne. How Noblie hath your loue deluded mee?
How iustlie haue you beene vniust to mee?
Let mee embrace the Oracle of my good,
The Author and the Patron of my life.

Vand. Tush, betwixt vs my Lord, what need these tearmes?
As if we knew not one another yet?
Make speed my Lord, and make your Nuptials short,
As they are sodaine blest in your desires.

S Anne. Oh I wish nothing more then lightning hast.

Van. Stay, one word first my Lord; You are a sweet brother
To put in trust, and woo loue for another?

S. Anne. Pray thee no more of that.

Vand. Well then be gone, *Exit S. Anne.*
my Lord, her brother comes. *Enter Vaum.*

Vaum, Most happie Friend,

How

How hath our plot succeeded?

Vand. Hee's our owne.
His blood was framde for euerie shade of vertue,
To rauish into true inamourate fire:
The Funerall of my Sister must be held
With all solemnitie, and then his Nuptialls,
With no lesse speed and pompe be celebrate.

Vaum. What wonders hath your fortunate spirrite & vertues
Wrought to our comforts? Could you crowne th'enchantments
Of your diuine Witte with another Spell,
Of powre to bring my Wife out of her Cell,
You should be our quicke *Hermes*, our *Alcides*.

Vand. Thats my next lobour: come my Lord, your selfe
Shall stand vnseene, and see by next morns light
(Which is her Beddtime) how my Braines-bould valoure
Will rouse her from her vowes seueritie:
No Will, nor Powre, can withstand Pollicie. *Exit.*

Enter D'olive, Pacque, Dique.

D'ol. Welcome little Witts, are you hee my Page *Pacque* here
Makes choice of, to be his fellow Coch-horse?

Diq. I am my Lord.

D'ol. What Countrie man?

Diq. Borne i'th Cittie.

Pac. But begot i'th Court: I can tell your Lordship, he hath had as good Court breeding, as anie Impe in a Countrie: If your Lordship please to examine him in anie part of the Court Accidence, from a Noune to an Interiection, Ile vndertake you shall finde him sufficient.

D'ol. Saist thou so little Witt: Why then Sir, How manie Pronounes be there?

Diq. Faith my Lord there are more, but I haue learned but three sorts; the Goade, the Fulham, and the Stop-kater-tre; which are all demonstratiues, for heere they be: There are Relatiues too, but they are nothing without their Antecedents.

D'ol. Well said, little Witt I'faith. How manie Antecedents are there?

Diq Faith my Lord, their number is vncertaine; but they that are, are either Squires, or Gentlemen vshers.

D'ol. Verie well said: when all is done, the Court is the onely Schoole of good education; especially for Pages and Waighting women; *Paris*, or *Padua*, or the famous Schoole of England called *Winchester*, famous (I meane) for the Goose, Where Schollers weare Petticoates so long, till their Penn and Inckhorns knocke against their knees: All these I say, are but Belfries to the Bodie or Schoole of the Court: Hee that would haue his Sonne proceed Doctor in three dayes, let him sende him thither; there's the Forge to fashion all the parts of them: There they shall learne the true vse of their good Partes indeed.

Pac. Well my Lord, you haue said well for the Court, What sayes your Lordshippe now to vs Courtiers, Shall we goe the voyage?

D'ol. My little *Hermophrodites*, I entertaine you heere into my Chamber; and if need be, nearer: your seruice you know. I will not promise Mountaines, nor assure you Annuities of fourtie or fiftie Crownes; in a word, I will promise nothing: but I will be your good Lord, do you not doubt.

Diq. We do not my Lord, but are sure you will shew your selfe Noble: and as you promise vs nothing, so you will Honorably keepe promise with vs, and giue vs nothing.

D'ol. Prettie littie Witt, y'faith; Can he verse?

Pac. I and sett too, my Lord; Hee's both a Setter and a Verser.

D'ol. Prettie in faith; but I meane, has he a vaine Naturall?

Pac. O my Lord, it comes from him as easelie,

Diq. As Suites from a Courtier, without money: or money from a Cittizen without securitie, my Lord.

D'o. Wel, I perceiue nature has suited your Witts; & Ile suite you in Guarded coates, answerable to your Witts: for Witt's as suitable to guarded Coates, as Wisedome is to welted Gownes. My other Followers Horse themselues; my selfe will horse you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my bosome) What's the opinion of the many headed Best touching my new adition

of

of Honour?

Diq. Some thinke, my Lord, it hath giuen you adition of pride, and outercuidance.

D'ol. They are deceaud that thinke so: I must confesse, it would make a Foole proude; but for me, I am *semper idem*.

Pac. We beleeue your Lordship.

D'ol. I finde no alteration in my selfe in the world, for I am sure I am no wiser then I was, when I was no Lord, nor no more bountifull, nor no more honest; onely in respect of my state, I assume a kinde of State; to receiue Suters now, with the Nodd of Nobilitie; not (as before) with the Cappe of courtesie; the knee of Knighthood: And why knee of Knighthood, little Witte? there's another Question for your Court Accidence.

Diq. Because Gentlemen, or Yoemen, or Pessantes, or so, receiue Knighthood on their knees.

Pac. The signification of the Knee of Knighthood in Heraldie an't please your Lordship, is, that Knights are tyed in honour to fight vp to the knees in blood, for the defence of faire Ladyes.

D'ol. Verie good: but if it be so, what honour doe they deserue, that purchase their Knighthood?

Diq. Purchase their Knighthood my Lord? Mary I thinke they come truely by't, for they pay well for't.

D'ol. You cut mee off by the knees, little Witte: but I say, (if you will heare mee) that if they deserue to be Knighted, that purchase their Knighthood with fighting vp to the knee, What doe they deserue, that purchase their Knighthood with fighting aboue the knee?

Pac. Mary my Lord, I say the purchase is good, if the conueyance will hold water.

D'ol. VVhy this is excellent: by heauen twentie poundes annuitie shal not purchase you from my heeles. But foorth now: VVhat is the opinion of the world touching this new Honour of mine? Doe not Fooles enuie it?

Diq. No my Lord, but wise men wonder at it: you hauing so buried your wisedome heretofore in Tauerns, and Vaulting-houses,

houſes, that the world could neuer diſcouer you to be capable of Honour.

D'ol. As though *Achilles* could hide himſelfe vnder a Womans clothes: was he not diſcouered at firſt? This Honor is like a Woman, or a Crocadile (chuſe you whether) it flies them that follow it; and followes them that flie it: For my ſelfe, how euer my worth, for the time kept his bedd; yet did I euer prophecie to my ſelfe that it would riſe, before the Sun-ſet of my dayes: I did euer dreame, that this head was borne to beare a breadth, this ſhoulder to ſupport a State, this face to looke bigg, this bodie to beare a preſence, theſe feete were borne to be reuellers, and theſe Calues were borne to be Courtiers: In a word, I was borne Noble, and I will die Noble: neither ſhall my Nobilitie periſh with death; after ages ſhall reſounde the memorie thereof, while the Sunne ſets in the Eaſt, or the Moone in the Weſt.

Pac. Or the Seuen Starres in the North.

D'ol. The Siege of *Bullaine* ſhall be no more a landmarke for Times: Agencourt Battaile, S. Iames his Fielde, the loſſe of Calice, & the winning of Cales, ſhal grow out of vſe: Men ſhal reckon their yeares, Women their mariages, from the day of our Ambaſſage: As, I was borne, or married two, three, or foure yeares before the great Ambaſſage. Farmers ſhall count their Leaſes from this day, Gentlemen their Morgages from this day: Saint *Dennis* ſhall be rac't out of the Kallender, and the day of our Enſtalment enterd in redd letters: And as St. *Valentines* day is fortunate to chooſe Louers, St. *Lukes* to chooſe Husbandes; So ſhall this day be to the chooſing of Lordes: It ſhall be a Critticall day, a day of Note: In that day it ſhall be good to quarrell, but not to fight: They that Marrie on that day, ſhall not repent; marie the morrow after perhappes they may: It ſhall be holſome to beat a Sergeant on that day: Hee that eates Garlicke on that morning, ſhall be a rancke Knaue till night.

Diq. What a day will this be, if it hold?

D'ol. Hold? S'foote it ſhall hold, and ſhall be helde ſacred to immortalitie; let all the Chroniclers, Ballet makers, and Almanacke

Almanackmungers, do what they dare.

Enter Rhoderique.

Rhod. S'foote (my Lord) al's dasht, your voyage is ouerthrowne.

D'ol. What ayles the franticke Tro?

Rhod. The Lady is entoombde, that was the Subiect of your Ambassage: and your Ambassage is beraid.

Pac. *Dido* is dead, and wrapt in lead.

Di. O heauy herse!

Pac. Your Lordships honor must waite vpon her.

Dig. O scuruy verse! Your Lordship's welcome home: pray let's walke your horse my Lord.

D'ol. A prettie gullery. Why my little wits, doe you beleeue this to be true?

Pac. For my part my Lord, I am of opinion you are guld.

Dig. And I am of opinion that I am partly guiltie of the same.

Enter Muge.

Muge. Where's this Lord foole here? S'light you haue made a prettie peece of seruice an't: raised vp all the countrey in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long stay, there's no employment for them.

D'ol. Good still.

Mug. S'light I euer tooke thee to be a hammer of the right feather: but I durst hane layed my life, no man could euer haue cramd such a Gudgeon as this downe the throate of thee: To create thee a Christmas Lord, and make thee laughter for the whole Court: I am ashamde of my selfe that euer I chusde such a Grossleblocke to whet my wits on.

D'ol. Good wit yfaith.

I know all this is but a gullery now: But since you haue presumde to go thus farre with me, come what can come to the State, sincke or swimme, Ile be no more a father to it, nor the Duke; nor for the world wade one halfe steppe further in the action.

Pac. But now your Lordſhip is gone, what ſhall become of your followers?

D'el. Followers? let them follow the Court as I haue done: there let them raiſe their fortunes: if not, they know the way to the pettie Brokers, there let them ſhift and hang. *Exit cum ſuis.*

Rhod. Here we may ſtrike the *Plaudite* to our Play, my Lord foole's gone: all our audience will forſake vs.

Mug. Page, after, and call him againe.

Rho. Let him go: Ile take vp ſome other foole for the Duke to employ: euery Ordinary affoords fooles enow: and didſt not ſee a paire of Gallants ſit not far hence like a couple of Bough-pots to make the roome ſmell?

Mug. Yes, they are gone: But what of them?

Rhod. Ile preſſe them to the Court: or if neede be, our Muſe is not ſo barren, but ſhe is able to deuiſe one tricke or other to retire *D'oliue* to Court againe.

Mug. Indeed thou toldſt me how glorioufly he apprehended the fauour of a great Lady ith Preſence, whoſe hart (he ſaid) ſtood a tipto in her eye to looke at him.

Rhod. Tis well remembred.

Mug. O, a Loue-letter from that Ladie would retriue him as ſure as death.

Rhod. It would of mine honor: Weele faine one from her inſtantly: Page, fetch pen and inke here. *Exit Pag.*

Mug. Now do you & your Muſe engender: my barren skonce ſhall prompt ſomething.

Rhod. Soft then: The Lady *Ieronime*, who I ſaid viewed him ſo in the Preſence, is the Venus that muſt enamour him: Weele go no further for that. But in what likeneſſe muſt he come to the Court to her now? As a Lord he may not: in any other ſhape he will not.

Mug. Then let him come in his owne ſhape like a gull.

Rhod. Well, diſguiſde he ſhall be: That ſhall be his miſtriſſes direction: this ſhall be my Helicon: and from this quiuer will I draw the ſhaft that ſhall wound him.

Mug. Come on: how wilt thou begin?

Rhod. Faith thus: Dearely Beloued.

Mug. Ware ho, that's prophane.

Rhod.

Rhod. Go to then: Diuine *D'olive:* I am ſure that's not prophane.

Mug. Well, forward.

Rhod. I ſee in the powre of thy beauties.

Mug. Breake of your period, and ſay, Twas with a ſigh.

Rhod. Content: here's a full pricke ſtands for a teare too.

Mug. So, now take my braine.

Rhod. Poure it on.

Mug. I talke like a foole, but alas thou art wiſe and ſilent.

Rhod. Excellent: And the more wiſe, the more ſilent.

Mug. That's ſomething common.

Rhod. So ſhould his miſtris be.

Mug. That's true indeed: Who breakes way next?

Rhod. That will I ſir: But alas, why art not thou noble, that thou mightſt match me in Blood?

Mug. Ile anſwer that for her.

Rhod. Come on.

Mug. But thou art noble, though not by birth, yet by creation.

Rhod. Thats not amiſſe: forth now: Thy wit proues thee to be a Lord, thy preſence ſhowes it: O that word Preſence, has coſt me deare.

Mug. Well ſaid, becauſe ſhe ſaw him ith Preſence.

Rhod. O do but ſay thou lou'ſt me.

Mug. Soft, there's too many OOs.

Rhod. Not a whit: O's but the next doore to P. And his miſtris may vſe her O with with modeſtie: or if thou wilt, Ile ſtop it with another brachiſh teare.

Mug. No, no, let it runne on.

Rhod. O do but ſay thou lou'ſt me, and yet do not neither, and yet do.

Mug. Well ſaid, let that laſt ſtand, let him doe in any caſe: now ſay thus, do not appeare at Court.

Rhod. So.

Mug. At leaſt in my companie.

Rhod. Well.

Mug. At leſt before folkes.

Rhod. Why ſo?

Mug. For the flame will breake forth.

Rhod. Go on: thou doeſt well.

Mug. Where there is fire ith harth:

Rhod. What then?

Mug. There will be ſmoke ith chimney.

Rhod. Forth.

Mug. Warme, but burne me not: theres reaſon in all things.

Rhod. Well ſaid, now doe I vie it: Come to my chamber betwixt two and three.

Mug. A very good number.

Rho. But walk not vnder my window: if thou doeſt, come diſguiſde: in any caſe weare not thy tuft taffeta cloke: if thou doeſt, thou killeſt me.

Mug. Well ſaid, now to the *L'envoye.*

Rhod. Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet ſuch, as it skils not whoſe I am if I be thine; *Ieronime*: Now for a fit Pandar to tranſport it, and haue at him. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI Scæna prima.

Enter Vaumont, and Vandome.

Vand.

COme my good Lord, now will I trie my Braine,
If it can forge another golden chaine,
To draw the poore Recluſe, my honord miſtris
From her darke Cell, and ſuperſtitious vow.
I oft haue heard there is a kind of cure
To fright a lingring Feuer from a man
By an imaginous feare, which may be true,
For one heate (all know) doth driue out another,
One paſſion doth expell another ſtill,
And therefore I will vſe a fainde deuice
To kindle furie in her frozen Breaſt,
That rage may fire out griefe, and ſo reſtore her
To her moſt ſociable ſelfe againe.

Van.

Vau. Iuno Lucina fer opem,
And eaſe my labouring houſe of ſuch a care.

Vand. Marke but my Midwifery: the day is now
Some three houres old, and now her night begins:
Stand cloſe my Lord, if ſhe and her ſad meany
Be toward ſleepe, for ſleeping, I will wake them
With orderly alarmes; Page? Boy? ſiſter?
All toong-tied? all aſleepe? page? ſiſter?

Vau. Alas *Vandome*, do not diſturbe their reſt
For pittie ſake, tis yong night yet with them.

Vand. My Lord, your onely way to deale with women
And Parrets, is to keepe them waking ſtill.
Page? who's aboue? are you all dead here?

Dig. S'light is hell broke looſe? who's there?

He looks out with a light.

Vand. A friend.

Dig. Then know this Caſtle is the houſe of wo,
Here harbor none but two diſtreſſed Ladies
Condemn'd to darkneſſe, and this is their iayle,
And I the Giant ſet to guard the ſame:
My name is *Dildo*. *Retrahit ſe.*

Vand. Sirra leaue your rogerie, and hearken to me: what Page, I ſay.

Dig. Tempt not diſaſters: take thy life: Be gone.

Redit cum lumine.

Vau. An excellent villanie.

Vand. Sirra? I haue buſineſſe of waight to impart to your Ladie.

Dig. If your buſineſſe be of waight, let it waite till the after noone, for by that time my Ladie will be deliuered of her firſt ſleepe: Be gone, for feare of watery meteors.

Vand. Go to ſir, leaue your villany, and diſpatch this newes to your Ladie.

Dig. Is your buſineſſe from your ſelfe, or from ſome body beſides?

Vand. From no body beſides my ſelfe.

Dig. Very good: then Ile tel her, here's one beſides himſelfe has buſineſſe to her from no body. *Retrahit ſe.*

Vau. A perfect yong hempſtring.

Van. Peace leaſt he ouer heare you. *Redit Dig.*

Dig. You are not the Constable sir, are you?

Vand. Will you dispatch sir? you know me well enough, I am *Vandome.*

Eury. Whats the matter? who's there? Brother *Vandome.*

Vand. Sister?

Eury. What tempest driues you hither at such an hower?

Vand. VVhy I hope you are not going to bed, I see you are not yet vnready: if euer you will deserue my loue, let it be now, by calling forth my mistris, I haue newes for her, that touch her nearely.

Eur. VVhat ist good brother?

Van. The worst of ils: would any tongue but mine had bene the messenger.

Mar. VVhats that seruant?

Van. O Mistris come downe with all speed possible, and leaue that mournfull cell of yours, Ile shew you another place worthy of your mourning.

Mar. Speake man, my heart is armed with a mourning habit of such proofe, that there is none greater without it, to pierce it.

Vand. If you please to come downe, Ile impart what I know: if not, Ile leaue you.

Eury. VVhy stand you so at gaze sister? go downe to him. Stay bother, she comes to you.

Vand. T will take I doubt not, though her selfe be ice,
Theres one with her all fire, and to her spirit
I must apply my counterfeit deuice:
Stand close my Lord.

Van. I warrant you, proceed.

Vand. Come silly mistris, where's your worthy Lord?
I know you know not, but too well I know.

Mar. Now heauen graunt all be well.

Vand. How can it be?
VVhile you poore Turtle sit and mourne at home,
Mewd in your cage, your mate he flies abroade,
O heauens who would haue thought him such a man?

Eury. Why what man brother? I beleeue my speeches will proue true of him.

Vand. To wrong such a beautie, to prophane such vertue,

and

and to proue disloyall.

Eury. Disloyall? nay nere gilde him ore with fine termes, Brother, he is a filthy Lord, and euer was, I did euer say so, I neuer knew any good ath haire, I do but wonder how you made shift to loue him, or what you saw in him to entertaine but so much as a peece of a good thought on him.

Mar. Good sister forbeare.

Eury. Tush sister, bid me not forbeare: a woman may beare, and beare, and be neuer the better thought on neither: I would you had neuer seene the eyes of him, for I know he neuer lou'd you in's life.

Mar. You wrong him sister, I am sure he lou'd me
As I lou'd him, and happie I had bene
Had I then dide, and shund this hapleſſe life.

Eury. Nay let him die, and all such as as he is, he lay a catterwalling not long since: O if it had bene the will of heauen, what a deare blessing had the world had in his riddance?

Vand. But had the lecher none to single out
For obiect of his light lasciuious blood,
But my poore cosin that attends the Dutchesse, Lady *Ieronime?*

Eury. What, that blaberlipt blouse?

Vand. Nay no blouse, sister, though I must confesse
She comes farre short of your perfection.

Eury. Yes by my troth, if she were your cosin a thousand times, shees but a sallow freckld face peece when she is at the best.

Vand. Yet spare my cosin, sister, for my sake,
She merits milder censure at your hands,
And euer held your worth in noblest termes.

Eury. Faith the Gentlewoman is a sweete Gentlewoman of her selfe, I must needs giue her her due.

Vand. But for my Lord your husband, honor'd mistris,
He made your beauties and your vertues too,
But foyles to grace my cosins, had you seene
His amorous letters,
But my cosin presently will tell you all, for she reiects his sute, yet I aduisde her to make a shew she did not. But point to meet him when you might surprise him, and this is iust the houre.

Eury.

Eury. Gods my life ſiſter, looſe not this aduantage, it wil be a good Trumpe to lay in his way vpon any quarrell: Come, you ſhall go: S'bodie will you ſuffer him to diſgrace you in this ſort? diſpraiſe your beautie? And I do not think too, but he has bin as bold with your Honor, which aboue all earthly things ſhould be deareſt to a woman.

Vand. Next to her Beautie.

Eury. True, next to her beautie: and I doe not thinke ſiſter, but hee deuiſeth ſlaunders againſt you, euen in that high kinde.

Vand. Infinite, infinite.

Eury. And I beleeue I take part with her too: would I knew that yfaith.

Vand. Make your account, your ſhare's as deepe as hers: when you ſee my coſin, ſheele tell you all: weele to her preſently.

Eury. Has ſhe told you, ſhe would tell vs?

Vand. Aſſurde me, on her oath.

Eury. S'light I would but know what he can ſay: I pray you brother tell me.

Vand. To what end? twill but ſtirre your patience.

Eury. No I proteſt: when I know my cariage to be ſuch, as no ſtaine can obſcure, his ſlaunders ſhall neuer moue me, yet would I faine know what he faines.

Van. It fits not me to play the goſſips part: weel to my coſin, ſheele relate all.

Eury. S'light what can ſhe ſay? pray let's haue a taſte an't onward.

Vand. What can he not ſay, who being drunke with luſt, and ſurfetting with deſire of change, regards not what he ſayes: and briefly I will tell you thus much now; Let my melancholy Lady (ſayes he) hold on this courſe till ſhe waſte her ſelfe, and conſume my reuenew in Tapers, yet this is certaine, that as long as ſhe has that ſiſter of hers at her elbow.

Eury. Me? why me? I bid defiance to his foule throate.

Vaum. Hold there *Vandome*, now it begins to take.

Eury. What can his yellow iealouſie ſurmiſe againſt me? if you loue me, let me heare it: I proteſt it ſhall not moue me.

Vand.

Vand. Marry forſooth, you are the ſhooing horne, he ſayes, to draw on, to draw on ſiſter.

Eury. The ſhooing horne with a vengeance? what's his meaning in that?

Vand. Nay I haue done, my coſin ſhall tell the reſt: come ſhal we go?

Eury. Go? by heauen you bid me to a banquet: ſiſter, reſolue your ſelfe, for you ſhall go; looſe no more time, for you ſhall abroade on my life: his licorice chaps are walking by this time: but for heauens ſweete hope what meanes he by that ſhooing horne? As I liue it ſhall not moue me.

Vand. Tell me but this, did you euer breake betwixt my miſtris and your ſiſter here, and a certaine Lord ith Court?

Eury. How? breake?

Vand. Go to, you vnderſtand me: haue not you a Petrarch in Italian?

Eury. Petrarch? yes, what of that?

Van. Well, he ſayes you can your good, you may be waiting womā to any dame in Europe: that Petrarch does good offices.

Eury. Marry hang him, good offices? S'foot how vnderſtands he that?

Vand. As when any Lady is in priuate courtſhip with this or that gallant, your Petrarch helpes to entertaine time: you vnderſtand his meaning?

Eury. Sitter if you reſolue to go, ſo it is: for by heauen your ſtay ſhall be no barre to me, Ile go, that's infallible; it had bene as good he had ſlandered the diuell: ſhooing horne? O that I were a man for's ſake.

Vand. But to abuſe your perſon and your beautie too: a grace wherein this part of the world is happie: but I ſhall offend too much.

Eury. Not me, it ſhall neuer moue me.

Vand. But to ſay, ye had a dull eye, a ſharpe noſe (the viſible markes of a ſhrow) a drie hand, which is a ſigne of a bad liuer, as he ſaid you were, being toward a husband too: this was intolerable.

Vaum. This ſtrikes it vp to the head.

Vand. Indeed he ſaid you dreſt your head in a pretie ſtrange

fashion: but you would dresse your husbands head in a far stranger; meaning the Count of saint Anne I thinke.

Eury. Gods precious, did he touch mine honor with him?

Vand. Faith nothing but that he weares blacke, and sayes tis his mistris colours: and yet he protests that in his eye your face shewes well enough by candle light, for the Count neuer saw it otherwise, vnlesse twere vnder a maske, which indeed he sayes becomes you aboue all things.

Eury. Come Page, go along with me, Ile stay for no body: Tis at your cosins chamber, is it not?

Vand. Marry is it, there you shall find him at it.

Eury. That's enough: let my sister go waste his reuenew in tapers, twill be her owne another day.

Mar. Good sister, seruant, if euer there were any loue or respect to me in you both.

Eury. Sister? there is no loue, nor respect, nor any coniuration, shall stay me: and yet by my part in heauen, Ile not be moued a whit with him: you may retire your selfe to your old cell, and there waste your eyes in teares, your heart in sighes, Ile away certaine.

Van. But soft, let's agree first what course we shal take when we take him.

Eury. Marry euen raise the streetes on him, and bring him forth with a flocke of boyes about him, to whoote at him.

Vand. No, that were too great a dishonor: Ile put him out on's paine presently. *Stringit ensem.*

Pag. Nay good sir spare his life, cut of the offending part, and saue the Count.

Mar. Is there no remedie? must I breake my vow?
Stay Ile abroad, though with another aime
Not to procure, but to preuent his shame.

Van. Go Page, march on, you know my cosins chamber,
My company may wrong you, I will crosse
The nearer way, and set the house afore you:
But sister see you be not mou'd for Gods sake.

Eury. Not I by heauen: Come sister, be not moued,
But if you spare him, may heauen nere spare you. *Exeunt. man.*

Vand. So now the solemne votary is reuiu'd. *Van. & Vau.*

Van.

Vaum. Pray heauen you haue not gone a ſtep too farre,
And raiſde more ſprites, then you can coniure downe.
Vand. No my Lord, no, t'Herculean labor's paſt,
The vow is broke, which was the end we ſweat for,
The reconcilement will meet of it ſelfe:
Come lets to Court, and watch the Ladies chamber,
Where they are gone with hopefull ſpleene to ſee you.

Enter Roderique, Mugeron, D'oliue in diſguiſe towards the Ladies chamber.

Rhod. See *Mugeron*, our counterfait letter hath taken: who's yonder think'ſt?
Mug. 'Tis not *Doliue*:
Rhod. Iſt be not he, I am ſure hee's not farre off:
Thoſe be his treſſels that ſupport the motion.
Mug. Tis he by heauen, wrapt in his careleſſe cloke:
See the Duke enters: Let him enioy the benefite of the inchanted Ring, and ſtand a while inuiſible: at our beſt oportunitie weele diſcouer him to the Duke.

Enter Duke, Dutcheſſe, Saint Anne, Vaumont, Vandome, to them Digne, whiſpering Vandome in the eare, and ſpeakes as on the other ſide.

Dig. *Monſieur Vandome*, yonders no Lord to be found: my Ladie ſtayes at hand and craues your ſpeech.
Vand. Tell her ſhe miſtook the place, and conduct her hither: How will ſhe looke when ſhe findes her expectation mockt now? *Exit. Dig.*
Vaum. What's that, *Vandome?*
Vand. Your wife and ſiſter are comming hither, hoping to take you and my coſin together.
Vau. Alas, how ſhall we appeaſe them, when they ſee themſelues ſo deluded?
Van. Let me alone, and ſtand you off my Lord:

Enter Mar: and Eurione.

Madame, y'are welcome to the Court: doe you ſee your Lord

yonder? I haue made him happie by training you forth: In a word, all I said was but a traine to draw you from your vow: Nay, there's no going backe: Come forward and keepe your temper. Sister, cloud not you your forhead: yonder's a Sunne will cleare your beauties I am sure. Now you see the shooing-horne is expounded: all was but a shooing-horne to draw you hither: now shew your selues women, and say nothing.

Phil. Let him alone awhile *Vandome:* who's there? what whisper you?

Vand. Y'aue done? come forward:
See here my Lord, my honorable mistris,
And her faire sister, whom your Highnesse knowes
Could neuer be importunde from their vowes
By prayer, or th'earnest sutes of any friends,
Now hearing false report that your faire Dutchesse
Was dangerously sicke, to visit her
Did that which no friend else could winne her to,
And brake her long kept vow with her repaire.

Duke. Madam you do me an exceeding honor,
In shewing this true kindnesse to my Dutchesse,
Which she with all her kindnesse will requite.

Vand. Now my good Lord, the motion you haue made, *To*
With such kind importunitie by your selfe, *S.An.*
And seconded with all perswasions
On my poore part, for mariage of this Ladie,
Her selfe now comes to tell you she embraces,
And (with that promise made me) I present her.

Eury. Sister, we must forgiue him.

S.An. Matchlesse Ladie,
Your beauties and your vertues haue atchiu'd
An action that I thought impossible,
For all the sweete attractions of your sex,
In your conditions, so to life resembling
The grace and fashion of my other wife:
You haue reuiu'd her to my louing thoughts,
And all the honors I haue done to her,
Shall be continude (with increase) to you.

Mug.

Mug. Now let's discouer our Ambassador, my Lord.

Duke. Do so. *Exiturus D'oliue.*

Mug. My Lord? my Lord Ambassador?

D'ol. My Lord foole, am I not?

Mug. Go to, you are he: you cannot cloke your Lordshippe from our knowledge.

Rho. Come, come: could *Achilles* hide himselfe vnder a womans clothes? Greatnesse will shine through clouds of any disguise.

Phil. Who's that *Rhoderique?*

Rho. *Monsieur D'oliue*, my Lord, stolne hither disguisde, with what minde we know not.

Mug. Neuer striue to be gone sir: my Lord, his habite expounds his heart: twere good he were searcht.

D'oliue. Well rookes wel, Ile be no longer a blocke to whet your dull wits on: My Lord, my Lord, you wrong not your selfe onely, but your whole state, to suffer such vlcers as these to gather head in your Court; neuer looke to haue any action sort to your honor, when you suffer such earewigs to creepe into your eares thus.

Phil. What's the matter *Rhoderique?*

Rho. Alas my Lord, only the lightnesse of his braine, because his hopes are lost.

Mug. For our parts, we haue bene trustie and secret to him in the whole manage of his ambassage.

D'ol. Trustie? a plague on you both, there's as much trust in a common whore as in one of you: and as for secrecy, there's no more in you then in a profest Scriuener.

Vand. Why a Scriuener, *Monsieur D'oliue?*

D'ol. Marry sir a man cannot trust him with borrowing so much as poore fortie shillings, but he will haue it Knowne to all men by these presents.

Vand. Thats true indeed, but you employed these gentlemen very safely.

D'oliue. Employed? I mary sir, they were the men that first kindled this humor of employment in me: a pox of employment I say: it has cost me, but what it has cost me, it skils not: they haue thrust vpon me a crew of thredbare, vnbutton'd fellowes,

to

to be my followers: Taylers, Frippers, Brokers, casheerd Clarks, Pettifoggers, and I know not who I: S'light I thinke they haue swept all the bowling allies ith citie for them: and a crew of these, rakt like old ragges out of dunghils by candle light, haue they presented to me in very good fashion, to be gentlemen of my traine, and solde them hope of raising their fortunes by me: A plague on that phrase, Raising of fortunes, it has vndone more men then ten dicing houses: Raise their fortunes with a vengeance? And a man will play the foole and be a Lord, or be a foole and play the Lord, he shall be sure to want no followers, so there be hope to raise their fortunes. A burning feuer light on you, and all such followers. S'foote they say followers are but shadowes, that follow their Lords no longer then the sun shines on them: but I finde it not so: the sunne is set vpon my employment, and yet I cannot shake off my shadowes; my followers grow to my heeles like kibes, I cannot stir out of doores for am. And your grace haue any employment for followers, pray entertaine my companie: theyle spend their bloud in your seruice, for they haue little else to spend, you may soone raise their fortunes.

Phil. Well *Monsieur D'olive*, your forwardnesse
In this intended seruice, shall well know
What acceptation it hath wonne it selfe
In our kind thoughts: nor let this sodaine change
Discourage the designements you haue laid
For our States good: reserue your selfe I pray,
Till fitter times: meane time will I secure you
From all your followers: follow vs to Court.
And good my Lords, and you my honor'd Ladies,
Be all made happie in the worthy knowledge
Of this our worthy friend *Monsieur D'olive.*

Omnes. Good *Monsieur D'olive.* *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quinti & vltimi.

— *noa messis in herba.*

ACTORS.

Monſieur D'oliue.
Philip the Duke.
S. Anne Count.
Vaumont Count.
Vandome.
Rhodoricke.
Mugeron.
Pacque, } two pages.
Dicque, }

Gueaquin the Dutcheſſe.
Hieronime Ladie.
Marcellina Counteſſe.
Eurione her ſiſter.

MAR 30 1916